

R O B I N H O O D.

A N

O P E R A.

As it is Perform'd at

L E E's and H A R P E R's

Great Theatrical Booth

I N

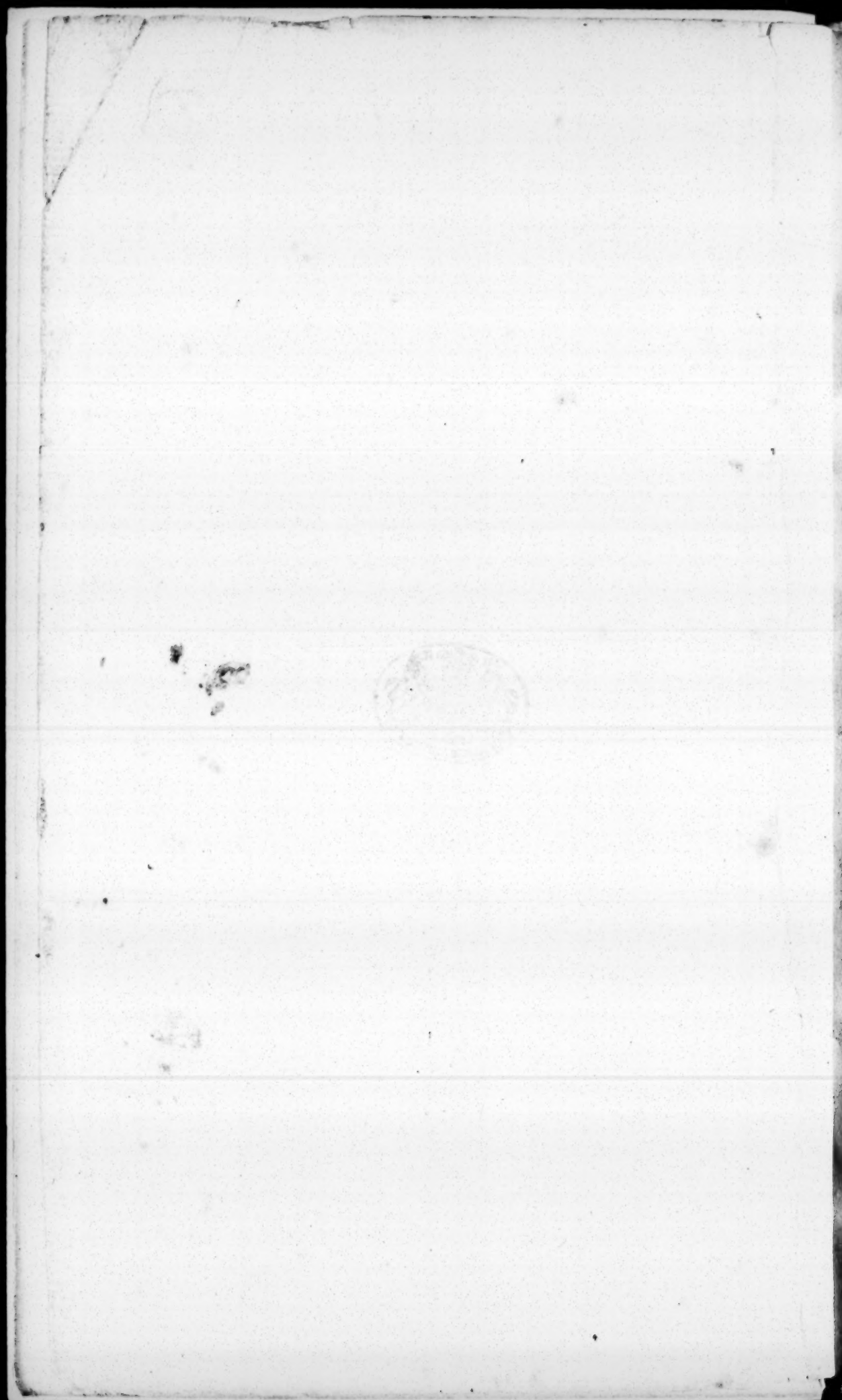
B A R T H O L O M E W - F A I R.

With the MUSICK *prefix'd to each* SONG.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. Watts: And sold by J. Roberts in
Warwick-Lane. 1730.

[Price One Shilling.]





A

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

King Edward.

Earl of Huntington; alias Robin Hood.

Earl of Pembroke.

Darnel, Friend to Huntington; alias Little John.

Pindar of Wakefield.

Prim, a Puritan.

Johnny, his Man.

Peter Meager.

W O M E N.

Matilda, the Princess.

Marina, in Love with Darnel.

Pindar's Wife.

Captain, Gentlemen, Forresters, Guards, &c.

SCENE, *Part of the first Act the Court, the
Rest of the Performance in the Forest of Sher-
wood.*



ROBIN HOOD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Palace Walls.*

Enter a Captain with a Party of Soldiers marching, Huntington and Darnel Prisoners.

Capt. **M**Y noble Lord, here my Commands expire;
I must attend no farther—— Trust me, I lament
The fiery Disposition of the King—
and wish

You wou'd preserve your valu'd Life by Absence.

Hunt. What, and not see *Matilda*!—Once, once more.
It is too much, I will return and die.

Capt. Then you will cruelly return her Love,
Who on her Knees so long intreated for you.
Be wise, and——

Hunt. Yes, yes, my Friend, this Madman shall be wise;
Altho' the King would not allow the Combat.
If I return, *Pembroke* will see me fall,
And triumph to my Face in my Destruction;
Were mine alone in view, I'd brave my Doom,
And laugh at Ruin—— But my Friends, my Friends,
My dear Dependants—— shall they feel my Fate,
And perish but for loving me too well?

Shall

Shall I pull Curses with me to the Grave,
Of unborn Children, and lamenting Mothers?
The Widow's Tear wou'd turn my Cup to Gall,
Though it were fill'd with all the Sweets of Love.

Capt. By Manhood I conjure thee——

Hunt. Mine is a Weakness which proceeds from
Manhood:

I am no Man——when I have no Humanity.

Capt. Think of your Danger——

Hunt. Captain,

You are a Son of Honour by Profession——
By your Profession's Honour, I entreat,
When Time shall wear a gentler Aspect, give
The fair *Matilda* this from——*Huntington.*

[*Gives him a Picture.*]

Capt. By Heav'n I will, tho' with the utmost Hazard.

Hunt. Words are too poor to thank you—— But
my Soul,

(Cou'd it but burst the Prison of my Body)
Shou'd fall in lowest Gratitude before you.

[*Exeunt Hunt. and Darn.*]

Capt. This is no *Pembroke*—— Farewel, noble Lord.
Ah! what has Princely *Edward* lost in thee?
To him that Evil thinks let Evil be.

Ha!

Here come the fair *Matilda* and *Marina*.

Enter Matilda and Marina.

Royal Madam—I have a Present for you. [*Capt. kneels.*]

Mat. From *Pembroke*—— Let me pass.

Capt. From *Huntington*——

Mat. Oh give it me—— and think, I charge thee
think

Which way *Matilda* may be grateful to thee. [*Flourish.*]

Marin. Madam, his Majesty and *Pembroke*.

Mat. Away——

Oh lead, *Marina*, lead to my Apartment.

[*Exeunt Mat. and Mar.*
Enter

Enter King, and Pembroke, attended.

King. Conquest and Crowns adorn our Royal Head,
And Glory still attends me in my Wars.
Nine Days are scarcely past, since I was sheath'd
In glitt'ring Armour, trampling on the Foe.
Thou, *Pembroke*, saw'st the *English* Lion stride,
Whose Fierceness did the *Gallic* Troops divide.
Now, by the Glories of our Royal House,
Since they have dar'd to rouse our stern Resentment,
I'll carry Sword and Fire thro' their Realm,
And level all before me——'till they own
Themselves the Vassals of the *British* Crown.

Pem. May it please your Highness, I renew my Suit,
Thus humbly on my Knees, for fair *Matilda*.

King. Arise, my Lord.

Is not our sacred Word already past?
Our Sister shall be thine. For thee, our Friend,
We've driv'n forth the Traitor *Huntington*,
For whom *Matilda* had declar'd her Love:
Absence will soon remove him from her Mind.
Believe me, Lord, I fear not thy Success.

Pem. My Lord, your Royal Sister shuns our Presence.
I fear to urge——

King. We are not to attend a Woman's Will.
Pursue and conquer——Know, the King's thy Friend,
And Opposition's vain where I command. [*Exe.*

Enter Huntington and Darnel.

Hunt. Oh trusty *Darnel*! how shall I repay thee!
Can *Huntington* reward thy noble Truth,
Thus driv'n from the Court and fair *Matilda*,
Whilst haughty *Pembroke* riots in her Beauty?

Dar. My Lord, you are assur'd of Love from her:
And tho' you are driv'n to Exile by the King,
Your poorest Slave shall follow all your Fortunes,
Till your dear Love, spite of your tow'ring Foe,
In Peace and Liberty shall bless your Arms.

Hunt.

Hunt. Farewel, oh hated Court! and, lov'd *Matilda*,
 A long farewel I fear to her—— Oh *Darnel*,
 I am in despair—— My Fortunes too are seiz'd!
 What then remains—— but that in *Sherwood's* Forest
 We join the Outlaw-Band, and live on Rapine:
 Now *Huntington* no more, but *Robin Hood*;
 And thou, my *Darnel*, *Little John* be call'd.
Dar. Sir, I attend with Pleasure.
Hunt. Oh *Matilda*!

A I R I. Farewel, dear faithless Charmer.



Farewel, my dearest Charmer,
I from you must rove,
Since banish'd by your Brother:
Adieu, my tender Love.
To the Green-wood I must go,
And there in secret mourn;
For I am banish'd from thee,
And never must return.

[Excunt.]

SCENE

ROBIN HOOD.

2

SCENE the Forest of Sherwood.

Enter the Outlaws.

1 *Outl.* No Sport this Morning, my Lads?

2 *Outl.* Which are you for, robbing of Men, or killing of Deer?

3 *Outl.* Why they are both good wholesome Exercises, I am for the first that comes in my way. I like a Wench too, by way of Exercise; and between you and I, she can't be too handsome for me.

1 *Outl.* *Peter Meager*, what Exercise art thou for?

5 *Outl.* Why, for my Part, I am a mighty Admirer of a Bit of something to eat—— For the nourishing of a Man is the flourishing of a Woman.

3 *Outl.* Methinks *Will. Stutely* stays long with his Mistress that he went to see at *Nottingham*. I wish the Rogue may not come to any harm. Now for Business, Boys—— Let us to our Rendezvous, and then seek out——

AIR II. Country Bumpkin.



Come let's away together,
'Tis bonny Weather, 'tis delicate Weather,
Come let's away together,
And scour the Country round, Boys.

Chor. Come wind the Horn,
For the Sport of the Morn,

B

For

*For the Sport of the Morn,
For the Sport of the Morn,
As yet we have not found, Boys. [Ex. singing.*

SCENE *the Palace.*

Enter Matilda and Marina.

Mat. Where I shall seek my banish'd *Huntington?*
The Darling of my Soul, and every Joy
That this poor beating Bosom ever knew.
How has my Royal Brother curs'd *Matilda!*
Ah, cruel Monarch—— and detested *Pembrook!*

A I R III. Cloc proves false.



*Bear me, some gentle Power, to his Arms
(That I may feast my Eyes on his Charms)
Tho' to the Earth's remotest Shore,
Oh give me him, oh give me him, whom I adore.*

I'll wander o'er the Earth but I will find him.

Mar.

ROBIN HOOD.

11

Mar. Madam, behold the Follower of your Fate—
For faithless *Darnel*, to whom I am contracted,
Is fled with *Huntington*——— [*Afide.*

Mat. I thank thee, dear *Marina*, much I thank thee.
We will provide the Shepherdesses Weed,
And from this fatal Place depart with speed.

SCENE the Forest.

Enter Outlaws.

1 *Outl.* Come, my Lads, now we are all together,
let's see who is missing——— *Robert Hide*, the Tanner.

2 *Outl.* Here.

1 *Outl.* *Jack Hasty*, the Cook.

3 *Outl.* Here I am, 'sblood!

1 *Outl.* Don't be so passionate, *John*——— *Ralph*
Ransack, the Miller.

4 *Outl.* Here.

1 *Outl.* *Peter Meager*.

5 *Outl.* Here.

1 *Outl.* Ah! that's a terrible Fellow. Why don't you
get cur'd?

5 *Outl.* Because I like my Distemper.

1 *Outl.* Much good may it do you.

5 *Outl.* I thank you—I wish you the same with all
my Heart.

1 *Outl.* *Will Stutely*.

Omn. Not come back yet.

1 *Outl.* Well, Gentlemen, your Habits fit very
smartly upon you. Ha! who have we here. Stand
back, ho.

B 2

Enter

Enter Huntington and Darnel, as Robin Hood and Little John.

AIR IV. A Painter once took great Delight.



Hunt. *A Farewel to Grandeur,
Let rigid Poverty come;
I here abandon State and Pomp,
And leave my wretched Home.
With a fa la, &c.*

Darn. *My noble Master, rural Pleasures
Quickly will come on;
A Darnel I am now no more,
But still your faithful John.
With a fa la, &c.*

Omn. Outl. Stand.

Rob. H. I do so.

i Outl. Deliver.

Rob. H. With all my Heart. [Knocks him down.

Omn. Knock his Brains out; kill him, kill him.

Lit. John. Stand clear.

i Outl. Oh stop your Arms, I beg you, he is a brave
Fellow, and may be of Use to us. What say'st thou,
my

my Heart of Gold? Wilt thou share our Fortune?
We live in a plentiful Manner here, we have the best
of every thing, and make our Neighbours pay for it.

Rob. H. I thank you, and accept your Offer——But
I have a Friend here, dear to me as Life, and we have
vow'd to share one Fortune.

I Outl. What is thy Name, my Lad?

Rob. H. Robin Hood.

I Outl. And thine?

L. John. Little John.

I Outl. Take the Hands and Hearts of all your Friends.

Rob. H. I take your Hands, but I will wait for your
Hearts, till I have done something to deserve your good
Opinion of me——

[*Taking their Hands.*]

I Outl. Oh! don't touch that Fellow, Sir, he'll give
you the Itch.

I Outl. What's that to you—— you saucy Son of a
Whore.

Rob. H. O fie, Gentlemen, don't quarrel with one
another. Let it be the first good Office I do, to make
you Friends——People of this Profession have too many
Enemies already—— Come, embrace.

I Outl. Well, I am Friends with you; but I won't
touch you for all that, Mr. *Scrub*. [To Peter.]

Peter. I shall serve you as the new Gentleman has
done.

Rob. H. Come, we'll have a Song and a Dance, and
forget this.

AIR

AIR V. *Roger de Coverly.*

*Cease, cease, my Boys, this ill-tim'd Noise,
 Away, away.
 A friendless Far all Peace destroys;
 Let's sport and play.
 Be brisk and airy, dance and sing,
 And then away,
 With Shouts to make the Wood-Lands ring,
 And hunt our Prey. [Chorus and Dance.*

Enter Outlaw.

Out. Oh, Gentlemen, dismal News: I was inform'd of it just now by one of our Spies. The Sheriff and his Men have surpriz'd and taken *Will Stutely*, and are now carrying him to Execution.

Omn. Oh poor *Stutely*!

Peter. Gad, I am not sorry for it, I cou'd never be quiet for him.

L. John. This is but a scurvy Omen at our setting out.

Rob. H. Gentlemen, pray be not so dispirited; shall such a Man be lost? We'll fetch him back alive, or all be cut to Pieces. He that will not die for a Friend, deserves not to live for himself.

Outl. Who shall lead us?

Omn.

ROBIN HOOD.

15

Omn. Robin Hood. Huzzah!

Rob. H. Come on, Gentlemen, I accept the Danger, and will do my self the Honour to lead you.

AIR VI. *Scots Guards March.* [French Horns.]



*March on, brave Hearts, be bold, we'll set him free ;
And Victory,*

Chor. { *And Liberty, with all their Charms,
Shall smile, and crown our Arms.
And Victory, &c.*

[Exeunt.]

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Continues.*

A long Shout. Enter Robin Hood and Little John, bringing in Stutely. Outlaws, &c.

Stu. Thanks to my Deliverers.

Om. Long live Robin Hood and Little John.

Rob. My Duty urg'd me to this happy Action,
And I require no Thanks.

Peter. I think we maul'd 'em — but we did not do
Mischief enough.

Rob. Oh, never thirst for Blood! — Conquer and Spare.
'Tis brave to Vanquish, but 'tis poor to Kill. —

Oh Matilda!

i Outl. What is the Matter, Captain?

Rob. I am a Lover, Sir,
Have lost the only Treasure of my Soul,
Torn from my Arms by Pride and cruel Force,
My self a banisht Man, to that I owe
The fair Reception I have met with here;
Then grant the Articles I now propose,
Since as your Leader you have honour'd me.

Om. Speak, Captain.

Rob. Since strong Necessity has driv'n us out
To this abandon'd Life, be it our Care
Not to deserve our Fortune by our Crimes;
As you were born of Women, never hurt 'em,
But treat with Gentleness that tender Sex.

Om. Well said.

Rob. Plunder the Rich alone, but feed the Poor
Whene'er you meet 'em. — So shall your Charity
Stand in the Ballance 'gainst your other Ills:
Swear this.

Om. We

Om. We Swear.

Rob. Then to our several Charges, and at Night
Let every Son of Fortune meet me here.

2 Outl. But Captain, won't you allow us to be merry
a little in our Occupation?

Rob. As Mirth itself, and I'll be merry too.

2 Outl. A Song at parting then — and so adieu.

AIR VII. Away, away, we've Crown'd the Day.



L. John. To Sport, away — no more Delay,

No more Delay:

To Sport, away; no more Delay:

Too long we have forsook our Prey,

Too long, &c.

C

Wub

Chor. *{ With manly Steps, and Bow of Yew,
Let us the leading Game pursue,
Too long we have forsook our Prey.*

i Outl. Odso! Captain, I had forgot one thing we've lodg'd a Stag in the old dunny *Pindar's* Cople suppose we rouse him before we part.

Rob. Be it so ——— March on.

Pindar meets 'em.

Who's he that dares to stop me in my Way?

Pin. Who am I that dares to hop and dance the Hay Why I am the Jolly *Pindar* of *Wakefield*——— what tho' I'm a little grey in my Head, and dunny in my Ears, I have a Heart as sound as an Elm, and I don't fear the best Lad of you all.

Rob. What means the sawcy Fool?

Pin. Sawce for Fowl——by'r Lady, and Sawce for Fish too——Will you take a Stroke with me? I'm your Mon d'ye see——Knives! break my Hedges, and spoil my Corn——Come on.

L. John. Egad there's no work for me I find——— I'll e'en go and have a Game at Tick-Tack with his Wife the while, and harden his Head with a pair of Horns. [Exit.]

[*Pindar and Robin Hood fight. Pindar strikes the Staff out of his Hand.*]

Pin. Nea, take up thy Staff again. I scorn to shew foul Play.

Rob. Heartily hast thou fought——give me thy Hand, and from this Moment, *Robin Hood's* thy Friend.

Pin. With all my Heart——here our Divisions end.

AIR

AIR VIII. Sure Marriage is a fine thing.



If thou wilt spare my Hedges, my Corn, and my Cattle,
 With a fa la,
 I swear I'll never more engage with thee in Battle,
 With a fa la ;
 Nor any spiteful Foe shall this seal'd Friendship hinder
 Twixt bonny Robin Hood and jolly Wakefield's Pindar
 With a fa la. [Exeunt.]

Enter Matilda and Marina as Shepherdesses.

Mat. Is this the Way, Marina? — Oh my Love!
 Shall the poor Wretch, conducted by blind Fortune,
 Ever find the darling Treasure of her Soul?

Mar. Oh lovely Princess! moderate your Grief:
 Such Virtue is the sacred Guard of Heav'n.

Mat. What can *Matilda* do to pay thy Goodness
Undone—herself——Each Step I trembling tread,
My beating Heart distracted in its Seat,
Leaps frighted from her self, and longs for Death
As a substantial Cure for all its Woe.

AIR IX. *Black-ey'd Susan.*



*Where shall Matilda find her Love?
Will Chance direct my blinder Way?
The nearer I would to him move,
My Feet, I fear, the farther stray.
Oh pity, Heav'n! an abandon'd Slave,
Or in Compassion take the Life you gave.*

Mar. Ah! Princes, let us fly; behold those Men
They wear a Savage Aspect.

Mat. There is a Thicket—What will Fate do with me
Let us retire—Perhaps they have not seen us. [E

Ent

Enter W. Stutely, Pindar, and Forresters.

Stu. Come on! Revenge and Plunder—I am sure I saw that old Villain *Prim*, by whose Information I was so near being dispos'd of—it will be a Merit to plunder him, if we had no occasion for his Money.
[*Ex.*

Enter Prim and Johnny with Bags.

Prim. Johnny.

John. What soy you, Master *Prim*?

Prim. Deliver, I soy, unto me one of the Cloak-bags, and go thou the other woy into the Town, for I am in Apprehension, or in Fear, or in Suspicion, I soy, of meeting with the Outlaws; they have a new Captain, I hear, a profane Wretch, one *Robert Hood*.

John. Ay, Master; this Money is plaguy heavy.

[*Gives a Bag.*

Prim. Use not thy Mouth unto Abomination, but deliver unto me the Bag, and go thy woy, for the Spirit doth show unto me wonderfully that one of us shall be Robbed.

John. Nay then, Master, it were better to part, as you soy.

[*Exit Johnny.*

Prim. It were so.—Oh! my Heart is troubled within me, it is grieved, yea it is grieved sore: Verily I will hum forth a Scrap of an Old Song, that I may not seem afraid.

AIR X. Among the Pure ones all.



*I met with a Holy Sister,
And one who dearly lov'd me,
And fain I would have kist her,
Because the Spirit mov'd me:
But she deny'd; and I reply'd,
You're Lost unless you do it,
Therefore consent; you'll not repent,
For the Spirit doth move me to it.*

[Exit another way.

Re-enter Stutely, Pindar, &c.

Pin. I'll second thee with all my Heart, bold *Stutely*,
—Hah! a fat Prize; here comes the Old Usurer *Prim*
—Stand close, Boys. [They retire.

Enter Prim with a Bag.

Prim. Verily I have escap'd all Danger, and the weight of my Burthen oppresses my Shoulders grievously; I will sit down and rest a while. [Noise without.] Oh! I am undone, I am undone! I am a dead Man! verily I will withdraw my self speedily.—Oh! here are the Robbers.

Enter Stutely and Pindar.

Stu. Hold, hold, Mr. Pains-taker, and let's know which Way you are travelling first.

Prim. Verily, my Beloved, the Broad woy.

Pin.

Pin. The Broad woy! s'bleed that's the woy to the Deel.

Prim. I fear I am but a dead Man— Verily I will Preach to 'em, who knows but I may Convert 'em and save all my Money, [*aside*].—Oh my Beloved! wou'd you, I soy, give Ear, or—Oh! my Beloved Brethren and Friends, wou'd you Refrain-a,—wou'd you hearken, I soy, unto what I tell you, that— Verily I am frighten'd out of my Wits. [*Aside*].

Stu. Leave thy Preaching, Old Foam-at-the-mouth, and answer me one civil Question, What hast thou got in thy Cloak-bag there?

Prim. Wou'd you, I soy, give Ear-a, or listen unto me, yea, wou'd listen unto me, I soy—— Verily I can't speak one word more. [*Aside*].

Stu. Pr'ythee leave sniveling, Old Puzzletext, or I'll demolish this prop of thy Spectacles, thy Nose.

Prim. Oh! Oh!

Pin. Ay speak, speak, or by Gog-Magog,——

Prim. Verily my Beloved, do not swear.

Stu. What hast thou got in thy Cloak-bag?

Prim. My Cloak-bag?

Stu. Ay, thy Cloak-bag.

Prim. Humph—Nothing but a little Fuller's-Earth to scour an old Cloak.

Stu. Fuller's-Earth!

Prim. Fuller's-Earth, nothing else as I am a living Man.

Pin. What is it that runs down thy Legs?

Prim. Fuller's-Earth I suppose,——Oh!

Stu. Deliver it, and come another time and we'll give you some more. [*Takes it*].

Prim. Oh! the Bag is bor——rowed!

Pin. We will give you something for it.

AIR XI. How happy are Young Lovers.



*We are wiser than the Miser;
 After raking store of Pelf,
 With a Shilling, the poor Villain
 Dares not gratify himself;
 While the darling Sons of Riot,
 Ease him thus of Care and Strife,
 Go home and die, or keep thee quiet;
 Thou hast had too much of Life.*

Prim. Oh! I have parted with my Money for a Song.—the Abominations Caterpillars. [*Aside.*

Stu. Be gone, Friend, be gone. [*They turn him out.*

Pin. Look here my Lads, all Gold by this Light:
 Where is the Captain and Little John? we should share now.

Stu. Oh! here comes the Captain well laden i'faith.

Enter Robin Hood with Bags.

Rob. H. There 'Gentlemen, these I made bold with
 from the Usurer's Man who was going the other way.
 Come divide. [*They give Robin Hood two Bags,
 and take one each.*

Enter a Poor Man and his Wife, with a Child in her Arms.

Outl. Stand——

Wom. Ah!

Outl.

Outl. Deliver.

Wom. Ah Gentlemen! I have nothing to part with but my Child; pray don't take that from me.

Man. Ah Gentlemen! I have nothing to part from but my Wife, take her and welcome.

Rob. H. The Fellow does not know what he says;—here, here, good People, there is something to relieve your Poverty. [*Gives a Bag.*]

P. M. Why, Captain, there is a Hundred Pounds.

Rob. H. So much the better, it will do 'em the more good; it is my own Share I part with, Friend, I give nothing of thine away.

P. M. Now I think Two-pence or Three-pence between 'em had been mighty handsome.

Man & Wom. Oh bless your Goodness, noble Master!

Rob. H. Let us ascend the Hill, and seek out farther Fortune, with open Hands, shall ever bless The Man who helps the Poor with his Success. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Prim, and Johnny, meeting.

Prim. Ha! more Thieves! what will become of me?

John. I have been robb'd already, now I suppose I shall be ravish'd, and flung into a Ditch.

Prim. Johnny!

John. Master!

Prim. Kiss me: It is a matter of great Consolation to meet thee, for I have been robbed; but thy Money is safe, I doubt not; where are thy Bags, Johnny?

John. Gone! gone! gone!

Prim. Gone! how cam'st thou to let the Sons of Abomination have thy Bags too?

John. Patience.

Prim. Puppy, Fool, Scoundrel, Coxcomb.—s'blood, I am undone! ruin'd!

John. Patience, I say, Patience.

Prim. Patience! the Devil and all his works: I'll Rant and Swear, and Curse and tear my Hair, in wild
D Despair

Despair; I'll roar and bellow like the Bull of *Bassan*;
I'll run mad, and preach in *Bedlam*.

[*Tears his Band; and as he is going off, he is met by
Pindar and Forrester with a Lanthorn and Candle*

Pin. Haud! Haud! not so fast, good Mr. Light-
within. Since we have robb'd you of your Money, we
will be so kind to keep you together, and give you a
Light home.

[*Binds 'em together, and hangs the
Lanthorn round their Necks.*

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter W. Stutely and Forresters, with Matilda and Ma-
rina Prisoners.*

Mat. Oh wretched Fortune! hear my piteous Cries,
And do not wrong my Innocence.

Mar. If you had ever Mothers, spare our Honour;
What else we have is yours.

Stu. Look you Ladies, you are my Pris'ners by the
right of Arms, and I must make bold to try my Man-
hood upon you.

Mat. Off! hated Villain.

Stu. No words, Fair one.

Mat. Oh! do not wrong me,
I am not what I seem——Let me but pass,
And I'll reward you amply for the favour:
Receive this Picture as a Pledge of Safety,
Which I'll redeem with twenty times its Value.

1 *Outl.* Come, come, *Stutely*, I must put in my
Claim; all Prizes are to be shar'd in Common among
us.

2 *Outl.* And I mine.

3 *Outl.* And I mine.

Mat. Was ever hapless Maid in such Distress?

A I R

ROBIN HOOD.

27

AIR XII. Sir Guy.



*To wander over Hill and Dale,
In stormy Nights and scorching Days,
Where ev'ry Bush does me appale,
And Dangers dart a thousand ways.
For the dear Youth, whom Heav'n bless,
I leave all Pomp and Dignity;
Was ever Maid in such Distress,
So tost by Fate as wretched me?*

P. M. S'blood, this Woman is enough to sing a Man out of his Senses.

i Outl. She need not take much Pains to do that by thee, *Peter*.

Stu. I have been looking all this while at this Picture; 'tis very like one I owe my Life to.—I must serve this Lady handsomely: [*Aside*].—In short, Gentlemen, this thing shou'd be debated before our Captain.—You all know he is a Man of Honour, and 'till we are Face to Face, I think our disputing needless—we will leave it to him——Do you agree?

Omnes. Agreed!

Stu. In the mean time, Ladies, I take it upon me to protect you, and you may depend upon it you shall have no foul Play.

D 2

AIR

AIR XIII. To all you Ladies now at Land.



*Tho' we are stormy as the Wind,
Yet, oh! be not alarm'd:
Ev'n the Savage Race is kind,
By pow'rful Beauty charm'd.
In pity to your vanquish'd Foes,
Oh! look around—and give Repose,
With a fa la la.*

End of the Second Act.



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter Robin Hood, Stutely, Pindar, and Outlaws.

Rob. H. SINCE you appeal to me in this Affair,
I must be so plain to tell you—— it is
the most ungenerous and contemptible Action a Man
can be guilty of, to use Violence to a Woman. Let
the Ladies be left to their own Choice amongst us—
and if we are unhappy enough to meet their Dislike—
though they were beautiful as Angels, and we fond to
Dotage of 'em—— it is my Opinion, they shou'd
be immediately set at Liberty.

Stute. Well, Captain, since you're of that Opinion,
let 'em chuse, I say.

P. M. Ay, let 'em chuse; I'll be hang'd if they are
not both fond of me.

1 Outl. Thce!—— Ay! thou art a bewitching Fi-
gure, truly.

Rob. H. Come, no Disputes—— When you hear
my Horn, produce the Women, and this Affair shall
be decided. Let every Man of us be here.

Omn. We shall be ready. *[Exe. severally.]*

SCENE, Pindar's House.

Pindar's Wife and Little John at a Banquet.

Pin. W. Go, you are a naughty Creature, Little
Jacky.

L. John.

L. John. For loving thee too well, Child—— But is the Cuckold safe?

Pin. W. I warrant you—— He's gone to sign some Writings, poor Fool——

L. John. While we seal Love at Home.

Pin. W. Come, *Little Jacky*, I know you're for the merry Thought when you are in my Company—— Shall I help you?

L. John. Faith, Child, I am for a full Dish of thee. Pr'ythee carry me to your Bed-chamber again.

AIR XIV. White Joak.



*I never saw a blooming Lass,
Whose roguish Eyes cou'd thine surpass,
Alluring Lovers to thy Arms.
Then let me thy white Bosom press,
A sprightly Humour it will raise
Of moving Joys—— for Girls and Boys.
Come, let us coo, as Turtles do;
Oh make me happy—— Say you will bless.*

Pin. W. *Altho' I have no Maidenhead,
I dare not lead you to my Bed;
You naughty thing what would you do?
With you —— you see I dare not stay;
You force me thus to —— fly away.
I must conclude you will be rude:*

With

*With me you'd go — I say no, no ;
But if you'll follow me — you may.*

L. John. Follow thee — with all my Soul, my Dear.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Lud, Mistress! here's my Master coming.

[*Pindar without.*] Fubby, Fubby, where art thou Fubby?

Pin. W. Undone — undone! Under the Table you Rogue — quickly — So!

Enter Pindar.

Pin. Why, I had forgot the Writings, Fubby, and so I came back — Wouns, what's all thick?

Pin. W. Expecting you home, my Love, about this Time, I prepar'd a good Thing for my Dearee.

Pin. Ay, pretty Fool, thou art always handling one good Thing or another — Why do'st not eat, Fubby?

Pin. W. My Dear, I had my Belly full before you came home.

Pin. Ah, Fubby — thou art a Wag — Wouns, what's this under the Table?

Pin. W. Nothing but Towzer, your poor Dog — The little Rascal has been hunting in your Warren, my Life, and is so tir'd — Lud, you'd have blest your self to have seen how the poor Devil hung his Ears afore he came home.

Pin. Ah, poor Dug — I'll giv'n a Bit. Here, Towzer — A hang thee, he has bit my Finger almost off — Get out, Sirrah —

Pin. W. Oh, my Dear, don't kick the poor Thing, he has taken a great deal of Pains.

Pin. Well — well — I'll go and fetch the Papers — Oh — here they are — Bye, Fubby — Lovy — bye. I'll make heaste hoame — I know thou'lt be impatient —

Pin. W. To see you hang'd —

[*Aside.*

Pin.

Pin. Bye, bye——

Pin. W. Bye Dearee. [*Exit Pindar.*] Bye Cuckold, Fox, Fox, come out of your Hole.

L. John. Ay, that I will—— with all my Soul—— But are you sure he's gone——

Pin. W. Ay, he mounted at the Door, set Spurs to blind Sorrell, and gallop'd away as fast as a Lawyer would run from the Devil.

L. John. Or as a Man would run from his Wife.

Pin. W. Or a Lover run to his Mistress.

L. John. Come then, my Charmer—— Let us——

Enter Maid.

Maid. Oh, Lud, Lud! Here's my Master again, Forsooth.

L. John. The Duce take him—— What's to be done now?

Pin. W. Nay, I don't know; if he finds you, he will certainly geld ye.

L. John. Oons!

Pin. W. Ay! he would have serv'd a Gentleman's Chaplain so, but three Days ago, if he had not jump'd out of the Window.

L. John. Wou'd he, my dear Virtue! How came he here?

Pin. W. Why I was not well—— he came to pray with me—— and my Husband found the Gentleman upon his Knees. Poor, Mr. *Thumper* had like to have been undone, and then all the Parish had been in an Upioar: Tho' they say it wou'd have clear'd his Voice mightily.

[*Pindar without.*] Fubby—— Fubby.

Pin. W. I am undone—— ruin'd for ever now——

L. John. Zauns, let me get into this Cradle—— So!

[*Pindar without.*] Why, Fubby!

AIR XV. The Bark in Tempest tost.



Pin. W. *My pretty little John,*

I'll give thee a Kiss or two,

If thou wilt rise and get thee gone.

L. John. *Ay marry, and thank ye too.* [Kisses her.

[*Pindar without.*] What a Duce dost let me stand so long at the Door for?—What, mun I call an Haur?

Pin. W. *Coming, Dearee.*

Enter Pindar.

Bye, bye, bye.

[*She rocks him.*

Thy dainty high Forehead, and high Roman Nose,

And that pretty Mark that lies under thy Cloaths;

Before that I rock thee to sweet Lullaby,

Give me thy sweet Lips—for to kifs, kifs, kifs, kifs.

Bye, bye, bye.

Pin. S'bleed, 'Ife got the wrong Papers—Wauns! what hast thou got here, Fubby?

Pin. W. Why, Dearee, my Neighbour Ticklewell is gone to Market—and has begg'd us to rock the Child in our Cradle; that is all, Dearee.

E

Pin

Pin. A Child!—— Wauns, it has the Face of a Mon. 'Sbleed, I mon kiss it.

Pin. W. You shan't, Dearee, you'll make it fretful.

Pin. Fret me no Frets, I'll kiss it, and it were the Devil—— 'Sbleed, it has a Beard already.

Pin. W. Why, Dearee, the Mother on 'en long'd for some Gammon o' Bacon, and the Bristles ha' grown out of the Mouth ever since.

Pin. Ay—— 'Sbleed—— What's thick—— a Mon's Perriwig.

Pin. W. Oh, the Duce! What shall I say—— Why, my Dear, my Neighbour *Ticklewell* dropt it, I suppose, out of her Bundle, when she brought the Things, and this careless Slut cou'd not carry it after her. [Strikes her Servant.]

Pin. 'Sbleed—— don't be in a Passion, Dearee—— I'll carry the Mon's Perriwig my self—— [Going.]

Pin. W. Ay, but Dearee——

Pin. What say'st thou, Chicken?

Pin. W. You forget the Lawyer, my Love.

Pin. 'Sbleed—— so I do—— I'll change the Writings. So—— so—— [Throws down the Wig, goes in and returns.] Here are the right naw—— Where were my Brains to let Mr. Lawyer wait so long—— He'll take it as ill as one of your bungling Politicians wou'd do, when he is call'd to an Account for undertaking a Business he does not understand. [Exit.]

Pin. W. So, all is safe—— Come, rise my Lambkin, and be a Man again.

L. John. For thy Love, I will, my Charmer, tho' I shou'd run the Hazard of being in Mr. *Thumper's* Case.

[Pindar without.] Why, Fubby, Fubby—— Yoa
hoa—— my little Fubby.

Pin.

Pin. W. Sure there never was such a troublesome Cuckold as my Husband—— The Devil must help you now—— What shall I do with you? Here, under the Cradle.

Enter Pindar:

Pin. So hoy—— What Man's thick now—— Who's thick?

Pin. W. Why, Dearee, my Neighbour *Ticklewell* has fetch'd home her Child, and has sent her Man to borrow our Cradle.

Pin. Oh, if that be all, he's welcome—— He is welcome—— Hark ye—— Give my Service to Neighbour *Ticklewell*—— d'ye hear, Friend. Come, Fubby, the Lawyer is gone—— and I will stay till tomorrow, for I have a Moind to have thy Life in the Writing too—— And if we cou'd but get an Heir—— Ah!

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A I R XVI. Polwart on the Green.



Pin. W. *I am thy gentle Wife,
My truest only Love.*

Pin. *I love thee as my Life,
As thou shalt quickly prove.*

Pin. W. *My dearest Spouse, give me thy Hand,
And to reward thy Care,
Do thou provide, for me, the Land,
And I'll provide the Heir.*

[Exe.]

Enter Outlaws, with Matilda and Marina.

*Stute. Come, Ladies—— Our Captain is to hear
the Matter in Debate—— and things will go right,
one way or other, in a few Minutes.*

A I R

AIR XVII. What Beauties does Flora disclose.



Mat. *Ye Rulers of Fortune, vouchsafe
To hear our Petition, well pleas'd:
"O may our lov'd Hero be safe,
"And our Hearts from this Anguish releas'd."
Upon Him, our Deliv'rance depends,
As, for Him, we are sunk in Despair:
From Dangers His Presence defends,
And, with Pleasure, wou'd crown all our Care.*
[A Horn winded.]

1 Outl. Oh, here he is. We all attend you, Sir.

Enter

Enter Robin Hood and Little John.

Stute. Here are the Women, Master.

Rob. Hood. Let 'em be gently treated.

**Ha ——— Am I alive ——— a Joy, unknown till now,
Fills all my Soul ——— I am the Fool of Fortune:
My Eyes deceive me sure; art thou *Matilda*?**

Mat. This is too much for all my Sorrows past.
I faint ——— Oh my *Marina*!

Rob. H. Nay, touch her not ——— Let me alone sustain her,

**Snatch her with eager Rapture to my Bosom,
And look away my Eyes upon her Charms.**

Mat. My Lord! my Love!

Rob. H. Do I clasp *Matilda*?

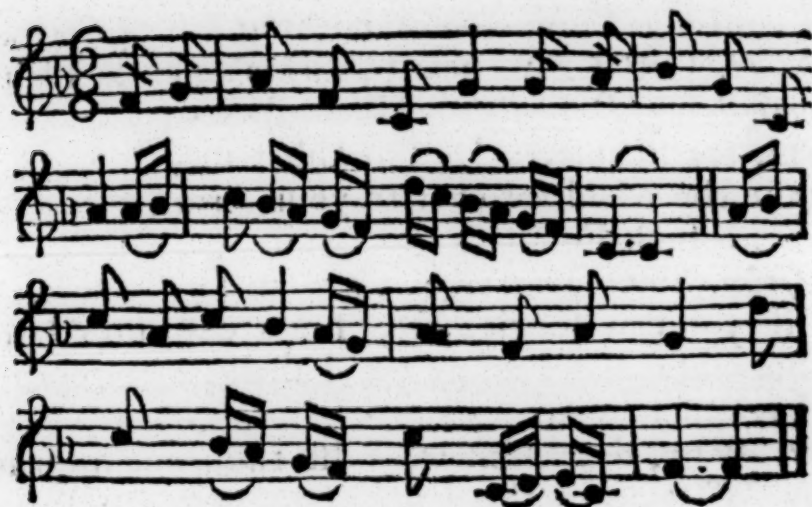
Mat. Oh *Huntington*!

Speech was not made to utter Joy like mine.

ROBIN HOOD.

39

AIR XVIII. Fanny Knap.



*Now dear Fortune does smile,
And all Sorrows beguile,
To the Goddess our Homage we'll pay.*

Hunt. *To great Love too we'll raise
Fair Trophies of Praise,
And bless for this kind happy Day.*

[The whole repeated by both.]

P. M. So then, I am cut out it seems——This is mighty fine Work, truly——

Stu. Noble Captain——I wish you Joy! Is this the Lady you love so?——I'gad, after what I have seen now, I believe in my Conscience I should love a Woman in earnest, altho' I were Married to her——Madam be pleas'd to accept of your Picture again.

Mat. This Picture did preserve my threaten'd Honour, Oh welcome! welcome!——thou shalt be well repaid.

Rob. H. I thank thee, Friend——*Matilda!* dearest Love,

Let us compleat our Happiness this Day,
And make Eternal Union——Soul and Body——
By Honour I entreat thee.

Mat.

Mat. Think'st thou I follow'd thy abandon'd Fortune,
That I should need that Question——*Huntington!*
Thou art the only Object of my Mind,
And I am only Thine——or nothing. [*Embracing.*

Rob. H. Oft' I have heard *Marina's* gentle Complaints,
For wand'ring *Darnel's* vile Inconstancy;
Reform, for Shame, a Life so Libertine,
And take the Maid for ever to your Arms,
Who with such Fondness loves you.

L. John. Since Marriage is grown fashionable, Ma-
dam, if you can forgive me, I am determin'd to be
your Servant; and I assure ye, I shall never repeat my
ill Behaviour to you.

Mat. Why, dear *Marina*, didst thou not inform me
Of thy Affection to this Faithless Man?

Mar. Madam, you had too much Sorrow of your own,
And shou'd I add my Grief to your Affliction?

Rob. H. All shall be well——here shall your Hands be
joyn'd.

P. M. What a Pox, is t'other Woman gone too?
Here these People get whole Meals for Life, and I
can't have a Mouthful——'tis very hard, all this.

Trumpets. An Outlaw enters.

Out. We are all beset: take to your Arms with speed:
King *Edward* with a Thousand of his Horse
Is ent'ring now the Wood, in search of you.

Mat. My Brother! Oh! I am lost for ever.

Hunt. Fear not, my Love; depend upon my Arm,
My Life to guard thee.——Ha! how gallantly
Their Snowy Plumes play with the wanton Wind,
And their bright Arms reflect the radiant Sun:
By all my Hopes, I view the haughty *Pembrook*;
Oh give him to my Vengeance, awful Heav'n.

Mat. My Lord, my dearest Love!

Hunt. Stutely, if ever I deserv'd thy Friendship,
Be careful of this Treasure of my Soul;
Let not thy Spirit urge thee on to Battle,

But

But let her Safety be thy only Care. [Shout.
Hark! they Approach—Come to my Arms, *Matilda*,
Fate is at Work—Give me a last Embrace,
That if I fail, tho' mangled o'er with Wounds,
This dear Remembrance may possess my Soul,
And send it hence in Peace.

Mat. Oh farewell!—

Rob. H. Fear not, my Love:
Heav'n will preserve thy blooming Innocence,
And unseen Angels guard thee from the Foe.
[Exeunt severally.

A March. Enter the King, Pembroke, &c.

King. Command a Halt, my Noble Lord of *Pembroke*.
Pem. Halt.

1 *Capt.* Halt.

2 *Capt.* Halt.

King. It is most certain then, this famous Robber
Is the degraded Earl of *Huntington*,
And that *Matilda* has pursu'd his Fortune?

Pem. Most true, my Leige.

But dread Correction waits upon your Arms.

King. Let us divide our Force, to seek him out:
Ha! by Heav'n's, the Villains face our Troops,
Sound, sound the Trumpets; let our Drums beat
Thunder;

Charge, Charge for Victory, *Edward* and *Pembroke*. [Ex.

Clashing. Shout. Enter Huntington.

Hunt. Hoa! *Pembroke*, *Pembroke*, see thy Rival
here.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. Is thy Name *Huntington*?

Hunt. Thine I am sure is *Pembroke*,—wou'd it were not,
For thou dishonour'st it: All thy Noble Ancestors
Shall look with Pleasure down to see thee fall,
And bury'd with thy Infamy.

Pem. I hate thee, *Huntington*, thy Sight is baneful,

F

I

I cannot breathe the Air which thou must draw;
Thou hast supplanted me in Love and War;
Compleat thy Triumph now, if thou art Brave,
Or yeild thee to my Sword, and own my Power.

Hunt. If ever I could love thee, it were now.
There's something Generous in fair Defiance;
Exert thy Manly Arm, we'll carve a Feast
Fit for the Jaws of all-devouring Death:
Think on *Matilda*.

Pem. Perdition on thee! This for her and me.

[*They fight. Pembroke falls.*]

Hunt. If I had fall'n,
Be witness, Heav'n, I wou'd have pardon'd thee.
Keep not thy Rancour, *Pembroke*, to the Grave,
But in regard to what we call Hereafter,
If thou must die—expire in Charity.

Pem. Oh gen'rous Rival!—thy exalted Soul
Makes me look little to my self—Forgive me,
And what I've left of Life shall all be thine.

Enter the King, &c.

King. What horrid Sight is this?—*Pembroke* is slain!
What art thou, Fellow?

Hunt. All that is left of *Huntington*.

King. Is not that *Pembroke* bleeding on the Earth?

Hunt. Most true——

King. Has the red Hand of Slaughter reach'd thy Heart,
Thou Noble Youth?—We will revenge thy Death:

Thou *Huntington*,——

Who hast with Force unjust oppress'd the People,
And like a Vagabond, an Outcast Slave,
Triumph'd in Rapine,
Seduc'd my Royal Sister from the Court,
To wander after thy abandon'd Fortune;
Destroy'd the Flower of Nobility,
By cruel Murther of the Earl of *Pembroke*;
Remain'd within the Bosom of the Land,
In strong Contempt of our severe Decree,

Which

Which banish'd thee our Kingdom.—Answer this,
Say wherefore hast thou so offended, Traytor?

Pem. Oh hear me! Sacred Master,
And by the Truth of an expiring Man,
I must acquit the Gallant *Huntington*
Of all my former Accusations.—Royal Sir,
Love made a Villain of thy favour'd *Pembrook*;
There is not in the *British* Realms, a Man
More worthy of your Grace, than is my Conqueror—
Lose not your Lamentation on a Wretch
Who many Years has fill'd your Ears with Falshood.

King. Is it possible?—Oh *Pembrook*!—Heav'n forgive thee.

Pem. My Blood is justly spilt—Let me intreat
I may not suffer Torture in my Death,
To see *Matilda* giv'n to *Huntington*,
Tho' he alone deserves her.—Bear me off,
That I may die in Peace——And at my End,
For Truth and Loyalty I recommend
*This for a Faithful Subject and a Friend.

[*Pointing to *Huntington*.] [Exit, Led off.]

King. What have I done? Canst thou forgive thy
Prince?

Here let all Discord cease, my Noble Lord,
Thou now art mine for ever—All the Honours
Which my mistaking Hand has ravish'd from thee,
Shall doubly be restor'd.—But say, my Friend,
Where is our Royal Sister?—Tell me freely.

Hunt. First let me kiss the Earth that bears your
Highness,
In humblest Gratitude——Then yeild *Matilda*
To my thrice-honour'd Master——Stutely, hoa.

Enter Stutely and Matilda.

Mat. My Brother!

King. Come to my Arms, thou Miracle of Love;
I hold thee thus, but to restore thee here.

May gentle Heav'n give you endless Blessings;
 Come, let us haste to consummate your Joys,
 Leave this disastrous Forrest for a Court,
 Where splendid Grandeur shall attend your Hours,
 And fix your Happiness for ever there.

P. M. So, here is no Body to be hang'd, it seems.

Hunt. *Stutely*, whoever *Huntington* has wrong'd,
 Shall doubly be repaid their utmost Loss.

Half of my large Possessions I'll bestow
 On my Companions, which I humbly hope
 Will join their Hearts to Virtue.

King. Thou shalt not be the poorer, *Huntington*;
 Thou hast a Princess' Dowry to receive.

Omnes. Long live your Majesty!

1 Outl. We humbly beg leave to present your Ma-
 jesty with a rural Entertainment.

A D A N C E.

AIR

AIR XIX. When forky Lightning flies again.



L. John. *While Joys increase, and Pleasures flow,
We'll Revel, Dance and Sing:
Bid an Adieu to every Woe,
And make the Welkin ring:*

Chor. { *For Robin Hood's Deliv'rance dear,
Our Glory now, as late our Fear,
With Thanks revere the King.*

F I N I S.

ROBERT HOO

